By ANTHONY HOPE.

Copyright, 1900, by A. H. Hawkins SYNOPSIS OF PRECEDING CHAPTERS.

Adelaide, wife of Sir Randolph Edge, eloped with Capt. Fitzhubert. Sir Randolph died in Russia, presumably in time for Lady Edge and Fitzhubert to marry and so make their son. Harry, legitimate they lear : later, however, that the date of Sir Randolph's death has been given incorrectly and harry is not legitimate. They keep the matter secret, and eventually Mrs. Fitzhubert succeeds to the barony of Tristram of Blent, and resides, with Harry, who is recognized as her heir, at Blent Hall. Unknown

with silence or a snub. The Major was not happy at this time; yet his unhappiness was nothing to the deep woe and, indeed, terror which had settled on Mina Zabriska. She had guessed enough to see that for the moment, at least, Harry had succeeded in handling Duplay so roughly as to delay, if not to ling Duplay so roughly as to delay, if not to be ashaped. do to her, whom he must know to be the orig-

do to her, whom he must know to be the onginal cause of the trouble? She used to stand to blaine in her attitude loward larry he should encounter. Harry She made many good resolutions for the future, but there was no comfort in the present days.

The resolutions went for nothing, even in the mement in which they were made. She had suffered for medding; that was bad, it was worse to the lump not to medde, inactivity was the one thing unendurable. She hot, like old Mr. Neeld in Jondon rown, has drawn by the interest of the position by the need of seeing how Harry Tristran fand told her was here to descend the bill; she had no special purposes the was followed the high the had no special purposes; she wanted a nearer book at Bient, and to descend the bill; she had no special purposes she wanted a nearer book at Bient, and to descend the bill; she had no special purposes; she wanted a nearer book at Bient, and to descend the bill; she had no special purposes; she wanted a nearer book at Bient, and to descend the bill; she had no special purposes; she wanted a nearer book at Bient, and to descend the bill; she had no special purposes; she wanted a nearer book at Bient, and to descend the bill; she had no special purposes; she wanted a nearer book at Bient, and to descend the bill; she had no special purposes; she wanted a nearer book at Bient, and to descend the bill; she had no special purposes; she wanted a nearer book at Bient, and to descend the bill; she had no special purposes; she wanted a nearer book at Bient, and to descend the bill; she had no special purposes; she wanted a nearer book at Bient, and to descend the bill; she had no special purposes; she wanted a nearer book at Bient, and to she was been as child with him to be purposed. The should be purposed to the purpose of the purpo

Tristram of Blent, and resides, with Harry, who is recognized as her helr, at Blent Hall. Unknown to Lady Tristram, a Madam Zabriska and Mr. Jenkinson Neeld are also in possession of the secret and Madam Zabriska, with her uncle, Major Duplay, comes to reside at Merrion Lodge, near Blent Hall. Harry learns from his mother that he is not rightful heir to Blent, but they determine to hold the title for him at any cost. To further his cause he decides to marry Janie Iver, heireas of Fatrholme, but finds two rivals in Bob Broadley and Major Duplay. The latter learns of the secret of Harry's birth from Mina Zabriska and informs Harry that he intends to tell Mr. Iver, Mr. Jenkinson Neeld makes Mr. Iver's acquaintance, and arranges to visit Fairholme.

CHAPTER VI.

By the Blent the drama seemed very congiderately to be waiting for him. It says much for Major Duplay that his utter and kumiliating defeat by the Pool had not driven him into any hasty action or shaken him in his original purpose. If he could by any means avoid it he was determined not to move while Lady Tristram lived. Harry might force him to act sooner; that rested with Harry, not with him. Meanwhile he declined to explain even to Mina what had occurred by the Pool, and treated her open incredulousness as to Harry's explanationt with silence or a snub. The Major was not happy at this time; yet his unhappiness was nothing to the deep wee and, indeed, terror would like to pay long visits to the was nothing to the deep wee and, indeed, terror but had been brought in the keep which she was nothing to the deep wee and, indeed, terror but his wife 'in the leave the own him in terms superficially reparament to convention, that she was nothing to the deep wee and, indeed, terror but had been brought on to shilly-shellying their doublews he was determined not to make the interlection to shilly-shellying their daughter's training, while conducted with all kindness, had been eminerable town finds the title for the same throught of the obviously desirable. The case

Judged from the outside, she was not open to blame in her autitude toward Harry; he was not in love with her and hardly pretended

Mina advanced to the middle of the bridge and leaned on the parapet, her eyes set on Blent Hall. There were lights in the lower windows; one window on the upper floor was lighted, too. There, doubtless, Lady Tristram, lay slowly dying: somewhere else in the house Harry was keeping his guard and perfecting his defences. The absolute peace and rest of the outward view, the sleepless yighlance and unceasing battle therein, a battle that death made keener and contained not lull to rest, this contrast came upon Mina with a strange palnfalness; her eyes filled with tears as she stood looking.

A man came out into the garden and life a cigar; she knew it was Harry, she did not move. He samulared toward the bridge she held her ground though he should strike her, she would have speech with him tonight. He was by the bridge and had his hand on the gar at the Bient end of it hefore he saw her. He stood still a moment, then came to her side and leart as she was leaning, over the parapet. He was bareleaning, over the parapet. He was bareleaning, over the parapet. He was bareleaning, over the parapet. He was bareleaning over the same and leart as she was leaning, over the parapet. He was bareleaning over the same to the side and leart as she was leaning, over the parapet. He was bareleaning over the

which the mean street and more than the control of the control of

and that we live and die that." His voice grew a little louder. "And your nonsense? he exclaimed. "It's all a lie. But if it was true? It's her blood, isn't it, not the law, that matters? It's her blood and my blood. That's my real title to Blent."

In the midst of his leting he spoke truth there, and Mina knew it. By right of blood he claimed to stand master of Blent, and so he meant to stand.

"Yes, "she said. "Yes, yes. God help you to it." She turned and left him, and ran up the hill, catching her breath in sobs again.

Harry Tristram stood and watched her aslong as he could see her retreating figure.

"The Major seemed inclined to grant it her. But Harry grew impatient, was imperious in his calls on her time and might face her with the demand for an answer any day. She could not explain how it was, but somehow his conduct seemed to be conditioned by the progress of Lady Tristram, sliness.

About Harry Tristram, anynow, she was a look of brutality would be given to make no movement during Lady Tristram is lifetimes he rockoned on it and meant to profit by it. A look of brutality would be given to any action of his while Lady Tristram lay dying Harry hoped this aspect of his conduct would frighten him. At least, it was worth risking the doctors talked of two months mote. Harry Tristram meant to be erganged before the second ran its course? Mrs. Iver would hardly be expected to recognize that it was that pride of his, pride in his mother, his race, himself—which had made him bid Mina Zabriska look upon Lady Tristram as she slept.

CHAPTER VII.

THE MOMENT DRAWS NEAR

Janie Iver had been brought up to know her own mind, it was the elevanth commandment in the Iver household. Iver enter-the in the Iver household Iver enter-the product the principle of his retreating figure with the said.

He came to Fairholme a day or two after Janie had talked with Bob Broadley. She was on the lawn, with her Mina Zabriska and a stalked with this aid.

He came to Fairholme a day or two after Janie had talked with Bob Broadley. S

paid little attention to this insignificant person and gave Mina no more than a careless shake of the hand and a good-humored, amused nod; he was not afraid of her any longer. He claimed Janie and contrived to lead her to some chairs on the other side of the lawn.

"And that is Mr. Harry Tristram?" said Neeld, looking at him in the control of th "And that is Mr. Harry Tristram?" said Neeld, looking at him intently through his spectacles.
"Yes," said the Imp, briefly, she was at the moment rather bored by Mr. Neeld.
"An interesting looking young man.
"Yes, he's interesting." And she added a moment later, "you're having a good look at him. Mr. Neeld."
"Dear me, was I staring? I hope not. But—well, we've all heard of his mother, you know."

know."
"I'm afraid the next thing we hear about her will be the last." What she had seen at Blent Hall was in her mind and she spoke sadly. "Mr Tristram will succeed to his throne soon now " Neeld looked at her as if he were about to speak, but he said nothing and his eyes wan-dered back to Harry again "They're friends—Miss Iver and he?" he

"O, it's no secret that he wants to marry her "And does she "

"And does she—"
Mina laughed, not very naturally "It's something to be Lady Tristram of Bleut"
Harry wanted to marry Janie Iver! With a sudden revuision of feeling, Neeld wished himself far from Bleatmouth However, it was his duty to talk to this sharp little foreign woman, and he meant to try A few polite questions brought him to the point of inquiring her nationality.

"O, we're Swiss, French Swiss But I was born at Heidelberg. My mother lived there after my father died. My uncle, who lives with me, Major Duplay, is her brother, he was in the Swiss service."

"A pleasant society at Heidelberg, I dare say?"

Rather dull, said Mina. It seemed much

wilderment. She could not tell what would A BRIEF DISAPPEARANCE.

CHAPTER VIII DUTY AND MR. NEELD. THE CASE OF MRS. BLOUNT AS CRONKITE SIZED IT UP.

When Mina Zabriska brought back the news from Fairholme and announced it with an intensity of significance which the sudden aggravation of an illness long known to be mortal hardly accounted for. Major Duplay grew very solemn. The moment for action approached and the nearer it came the less was the Major satisfied with his position and resources the scene by the pool had taught him that he would have a stiff fight. He had been hard hit by Harry's shrewd suggestion that he must ask lyer himself for the means of croving what he meant to tell lyer. The only alternative, however, was to procure money for the necessary investigations from his niece, and his niece though comfortably well off, was not rich. Not was she any longer zealous in the cause. The Imp was suky and sullen with him, sorry she had ever touched the afair at all, ready, he suspected, to grasp at any excuse for letting. spected, to grasp at any excuse for letting dron. This temper of hers forehoded a re-isal to open her purse. It was serious in nother way. Of himself Duplay knew nothanother way. Of himself Duplay knew nothing; Mina was his only witness; her evidence though really second-hand, was undoubtedly weighty; it would, at least, make inquirtes necessary. But would she give it. Duplay was conscious that she was capable of turning round on him and declaring that she had made a blunder. If she did that, what would happen?

ing round on him and declaring an add a blunder. If she did that, what would happen?

Harry's attitude would be simple. He would at the proper time produce his certificates, testifying to the death of Sir Randolph, the marriage of his parents, his own birth. The copies were in perfect order, and, duly authenticated, they were evidence in themselves: the originals could be had and would bear out the copies. All this had been well looked after, and Duplay did not doubt it. What had he to set up against it? Only that the third certificate was false and that somewhere, neither he, nor even Mina knew where, bearing some dates, neither he nor Mina knew what there must be two other certificates; one fatal to Harry's case as flying his birth at an earlier date, the other throwing at least grave suspicion on it by recording a second ceremony of marriage But where were these certificates. Conceivably they had been destroyed; that was not likely, but it was nostible. At any rate to find them But where were these certificates. Conceivably they had been destroyed; that was not likely, but it was possible. At any rate to find them would need much time and some money. On reflection the Major could not blame Harrytor defying him by the pool. It will be seen that the information which Mina gleaned from her mother and filled in from her own childish recollection, was not so minute in the matter of date as that which Madam de Kries had given at the time of the events to Mr. Cholderton and which was now locked away in the drawer at Mr. Jenkinson Neeld's chambers. The Major would have been materially assisted by a sight of that document; it would have harrowed the necessary area of inquiry and given a definiteness to his assertions, which

by a sight of that document; it would have harrowed the necessary area of inquiry and given a definiteness to his assertions, which must have carried weight with Mr. Iver. Mina, being sulky, would not talk to her unclet she could not talk to Janie Iver; she did not see Harry and would not have dared to talk to him if she had. But it need hardly be said that she was dying to talk to some-body. With such matters on hand she struggled against silence like soda water against the cork. Merely to stare down at Blent and wonder what was happening there whethed a curiosity it could not satisfy. She felt out of the game and the feeling was intolerable. As a last resort, in a last effort to keep in touch with it, although she had been warned that she would find nothing of inferest to her in the volume, she telegraphed to a library books-lier in London to send her Mr. Cholderton's Journal. It came the day after it was published, four days after she had made. Mr. Neeld's acquaintance, and while Lady Tristram, contrary to expectation, still held death at arm's length and lay looking at her own picture. The next morthing Neeld received a pressing invitation to go to tou at Merrion lodge with him, too, all resolutions to know and to care nothing further about the matter vanished before the first chance of seeing nore of it. And Mina had been Milo, de Kross.

She received him in the library. The Journal' lay on the table. Something had stored animation to her manner and malice her eyes. She began by flattering her the company of the layer of the layer. or her eyes. She began by flattering her exister outrageously and indulging in a number of talse statements regarding her desight with the "Journal" and the amusement and instruction she had gained from it. She wen prolessed to have mastered the hygroxide method, observing that a note by the dutor put the whole thing in a nutshell duch pleased, yet vaguely disappointed. It heeld concluded that she had no more to say about the visit to Heldelberg. The Imp turned over the pages letsurely while Neeld speed is tea.

"I see but little asterisk things where you have out anything, she observed. "That's onvenient, isn't it?"

nvenient, isn't it?"

I think it's usual, said he
"And another thing you do on, you really
a a splendid editor—you put the date at
top of overy page, even where Mr. Cholddobt sentry runs over so many pages. He
rather long sometimes, isn't he?"

I've always found the date at the top of
tage in convenience in reading myself." d Mr. Neeld

Mr. Cholderton was "She laughed or 'Yes, look here page, 388, May, le's at Berlin'. Then there are some

She Had Married Again After Her First Hus band Had Gone to Prison for Life - Then She Thought She Had Discovered Proof of His Innocence - The Detective's Remedy "Cronkite," said Judge Marcellus one day,

by old client, Thomas Blount, is deeply distressed about his wife?" "His young wife, sir?" "Yes, his young wife," repeated the Judge mpatiently, "but that is beside the ques-

tion. She is a good, true woman, sincerely attached to her husband, who raised her from the daily struggle for bread of a copyist to affluence, while her happiness is now the one ambition of his life. Hence, seeing her consumed by a secret grief, which, so far from explaining, she denies, he is distressed and comes to me for advice and assistance "She must say something " "Oh, yes; she belittles his anxiety by saying

that she is run down and nervous; but when he goes to her physician, the best in the land, they ask, 'Who can minister to a mind diseased?" "And yet every motive of gratitude and

affection should cause such a woman as you say she is to confide in such a husband." "True; unless those very motives induce her silence Mr Blount believes, and i

agree with him, that she is convinced that the trouble, whatever it is, would affect him more than her failing health can; and so he persists in silence. Now, he is determined to help her even against herself " 'You lawyers say,' he said to me, 'that

every wrong has its remedy. Find out, then, this wrong for me and remedy it. For such a purpose money is absolutely no object. The world, I know, is full of wicked

people who prey on the good, sometimes converting their holiest feelings into weapons against them. If such be the case, pay the price and end it I want no publicity, no punishment, no information even: it could not reassure me: it could not disi usion me. I want the happiness of my home restored; and that happiness is dependent on my dear wife's peace of mind "Such are his instructions, Abe I don't

say whether I consider them foolish or not. But his connection with our firm is so important that they must be carried out; so the sooner you get to work the better." And then, after learning the few details of

Mrs. Blount's past, which her husband had been able to give to the Judge, the detective set out on his mission. A week later he returned to report progress. "After a quiet investigation here," he began.

I went over to Mayfield, where Mrs. Bloun worked as a copyist when her husband first met her. That was about three years ago. Her name then was Estelle Sanger. learned that the only mail she received in the ery secluded life she led was postmarked Alvadene; so thither I proceeded. It is unnecessary to make a long story out of what was after all mere commonplace inquiry There is no doubt that at the time of her neeting Mr. Blount she was a married woman. and that her husband's name was Alber Chidsey."

But he, her former husband, he was, dead?" a-ked the Judge excitedly. "Yes, in a way," replied Cronkite, slowly You must, if you reflect a moment, recall the Chidsey case. He was tried and onvicted for the murder of his uncie, Reuben hidsey, and is now undergoing imprison-

"Ah. I see," exclaimed the Judge. "That relieves her from bigamy at all events; since onviction of murder in the second degree freed her from him as absolutely as death After all, she is not so culpable a poor young woman with such a disgrace attached through no fault of her own. You learned nothing to her discredit?

"No, indeed. Every one in either place with whom I spoke described her in your words as a good, true woman. I have found no reason to dispute it.

"He came across her in a business way; was struck with her appearance. He sought her out, woold her, married her, from first to last rather against her inclination

efforts being made to pardon him?"
"On the contrary, it is generally though that he got off luckily. There is no public interest in his behalf."
"But I can't imagine ---"

"Follow it up, sir," interrupted Cronkits eagerly. "I'm sure you've got hold of the right idea. That's just the way I began to same possible solution."

"Admitting her blameless life, her domestihappiness," reflected the Judge, "the natural inference must be that fear of her secret's being divulged is the source of her sorrow Can it be that some blackmader has dis

"No." replied the detective, decidedly "I looked into that thise, the first thing She has received no strange letter she has met no strange person. Besides, under ou reading of her character, blackmail is no an adequate cause. We agree that she silent on Mr. Blount's account. Now, would her confession of the circumstances which caused her to marry under an assumed name and condition be such an awful lasting shock to him? I doubt it. The case is forgotten the first husband safely immured. Probably during courtship Mr. Blount assured he that he did not wish to know of her former life Hence, I say, she would confess rather

than be coerced by any stranger; they would quickly come to an understanding, and the unpleasant episode le put aside forever. not forgotten.
"But the appearance of Chalsey on the scene

is a far different matter. Women have by believe that his pardon or vindication would restore him as her husband, break up her happy home, and drive out into the dar kness of despair the one who has so tenderly loved nsure you know." her, at the same time exposing him to the

They understood one another now Neeld ade no further pretence. This representation of the new York and the representation of the new word which has been supply, but in a low voice. Yes. At first I didn't know what it means the But I know now will made no reply and there was another moment of silence and you know what it would mean to be she asked, and course he knew that it are you going to do? He raised and she did not know. "Exactly, sir, but suppose that she alone knows and the started." I knew and something that will be alone knows.

Chidsey, who had been out of health and very low-spirited, was found dead in his bed, with a glass by his side, containing traces of poison it was taken for granted, at first, that he had committed suicide; but little by little circumstances came out, rendering such a theory

"For instance, the autopsy showed that he must have died shortly after the time he retired; while the effects of the poison re so slow that the quantity he had taken must have been in his system for several the company of his nephew, who had almost forced a drink upon him, which he had pronounced strangely disagreeable. Then it was discovered that Albert Chidsey had had to the straight and narrow path? some of this poison in his possession, and arrest and trial followed "

tragedy occurred?"

"It was she who had discovered the body, sir, and the shock was so great as to throw her into brain fever, from which she didn't recover until after the trial was over. She never saw Albert again. He made great assertions that he could prove by her old Reuben's suicidal tendencies, but there was no motion for delay when the case was called no attempt to take her evidence by deposition. The story prevails at Alvadene, without any definite source, that, while the case for the people was not over strong, the Distriot Attorney had in his possession certain proof which would render nugatory any attempt of the defence to bolster itself up with Mrs. Blount's supposed knowledge, and that a compromise was at length quietly effected by which the defence made no serious fight on this phase of the case, in return for which the prosecution did not oppose the evident drift toward a verdict in the second degree, which the lack of any direct testimony as to the administration of the poison seemed to justify. In a word, sir, it was considered a compromise verdict, and that is why I told you that the general impression was that Chidsey got off luckily.

"If there was any such arrangement, who fidn't you have a talk with the District Atorney?" asked the Judge. "He is dead, zir

"Ah, and of course Chidsey's lawyer would refuse any information which might militate against his release. Well, Abe, your solution seems to stand the test, but I don't see that we are any better off for it. With such a fixed idea, Mrs Blount will either worry herself to death or yield to her conscience. There s nothing money can do nothing that will save my old client -"Nothing," interrupted Cronkite, "unless

Mrs. Blount can be made to realize that she as been deceiving herself "I catch your idea," cried the Judge hope fully. "You say that the proof on which thidsey first relied and which he afterward repudiated, must have been factitious. Likely enough; but how can we convince her? The

nformation must come naturally, from a firect source, without a suspicion of our coperation." "Chidsey has now been in prison," explained the detective, "for a period long nough to convert a man of his evil nature. insustained, too, by any intellectural reources, into a typical convict. A main characteristic of the typical convict is vanity se can't refrain from boasting to his mates. even in despite of his better judgment Suppose, then that Mrs Blount should overhear a man like Shorty, the head ballman, for in

ating as a mere matter of prison gossip what i 'hidsey says about his case.' "It can be, it must be arranged," broke in the Judge eagerly.

"Shorty comes out in about a week. I hear," ontinued Cronkite, "now if we can only keep ser from acting prematurely "

"Her first step would be to confess to Blount, suggested the Judge, "and that I can obviate by sending him out of town for a few days." "That is a prudent precaution," assented

"She met Mr. Blount naturally," the Judge | the detective, "and I, on my part, will attend she may conclude to disappear become once more the wife of the convicted murderer hidsey, and in that capacity advocate his happy with him. Evidently, then, it is not her venial fault of concealment that has wrought this change. But what else can well, sir, and having done our best can leave wrought this change. But what else can it be? Her former husband is as safe in prison as in his grave. Let me see, let me see, let me see. You didn't hear, did you, Abe, of any One evening, a week later, a closely veiled. plainly dressed young woman crept out of residence, and after pausing disconsolately on the threshold, like Eve outside paradise, entered a cross-town car, which took her so unknown to the residents of the wealthy district she had left behind. She proceeded quickly and resolutely after she had alighted til she came to one of those obscure lodging

houses, which, scattered here and there. the dealer Thash very thing, "said Billings, "Zactly together constitute the modern city of refuge | what we'll have, m' hoy meakey'n parret She evidently had made her simple arranges

the woman in charge, she went up the stairs to a room sparsely furnished, but whose unusual cleanliness bespoke the express directions of a lady.

This young woman had plainly determined to waste no time in homesickness or vain regrets. She took from her reticule certain modest writing materials: she drew from her hosem a folded paper and read over its message again and again, though she shandered as she did so. Then, as she seated herself at the rickety table, pen in hand, from the adicining room, through the thin partition, there came voices, mentoning a name, which held her fixed and entranced, the very personification of suspense.

"Cert'iny. Ane. said Shorty, the perennial head hallman, "anny thin' to oblege. Is know you're square and I kin talk free with you so go shead with your impuisitum about Albert Chickey.

"I simply want to know what he has to say about his case, explained Cronkite."

"You can't harm a lifer," asserted the other dioggedly "be's as eximpt from trouble as old Metusally hisself."

"Inless he happens to be innocent? yensoning and hour trouble."

"Innearly mather the content of the content of the propose of the content of the propose of the content of the content

depart the one who has so tometers leave the coast who has so tometers leave the coast who has so tometers leave to depart the one who has so tometers leave to coaste see exactions of an unworthe Brook and in the circumstances, I believe, the only adequate cause."

The circumstances, I believe, the only adequate cause and in the circumstances, I believe, the only adequate cause and in the circumstances, I believe, the only adequate cause and the circumstances, I believe, the only adequate cause and the circumstances, I believe, the only adequate cause and the circumstances, I believe, the only adequate cause and the circumstances, I believe, the only adequate cause and the circumstances, I believe, the only adequate cause and the circumstances, I believe, the only adequate cause and the circumstances, I believe, the only adequate cause and the circumstances of the circumstances

PROPITIATION FOR A WIFE.

GUILTY MR. BILLINGS'S TARDY AP-PEARANCE AT SUPPER.

Lapse of a Temperate Man -Failure to Keep an Engagement The Parrot, the Monkey

and the Goldfish - A Tableau at a Supper

Party and a Display of Presence of Mind. Billings was, like Brutus, an honorable nan. Moreover, he was a temperate man hours before death. Reckoning this time but even a Roman hero, if called upon to back, he was found to have been then in | pay the last honors to a dying year and cordially welcome a new century, all in one evening, might have lapsed from virtue. How should a mere latter-day weakling stick

It all happened on New Year's eve, though not told until now. Whether husband or "Where was Mrs Blount at the time this wife first suggested giving a New Year's eve supper to sixteen intimate friends history does not tell, but the motion was put and carried unanimously. Then the details were arranged Time, 12 o'clock; place, a private dining room in a swell hotel. Right here Mrs. Billings made a fatal error. She should have borne in mind the traditional difficulty of getting the time, the place and the loved one all together; but she was so sure she could count on her loved one that she took big chances.

"My dear," she said, "wouldn't you like o dine with one of your friends that evenng? I'll dine with mamma, so that the family will not feel neglected, and you can meet me at the hotel at a quarter before 12." Billings agreed, with alacrity. It was not that he loved a downtown dinner wave but

that he loved dining with "mamma" less. Now, the young wife's touching confidence n masculine rectitude deserved a reward. It got one Billings was not a drinking man. nder ordinary circumstances he might have been allowed to have any length of rope, and would only have grazed tranquilly. But not twice in a life time does one celebrate the opening of a new century. It was an occasion for exceptions

Billings and the infant, who is at any time, other than the debut of a century, a well bebaved youth, dined at a famous Broadway restaurant and toasted the old year and the new year, with courteous impartiality. Later they strolled into their club. There, other men were celebrating and called upon them for assistance. Still later, the couple wept. over the dying year and cheered the coming year, at a cafe. When the new year did arrive, he found his two friends sitting on the steps of a brownstone house on lower Fifth avenue. They themselves were not quite clear as to their reason of being there. Great bells, almost over their heads, began to ring, "Z' dead," said the Infant, sentimentally;

nd, like the Mock Turtle, he burst into heavy aniddo Billings threw a consoling arm across the ourner's shoulders

"Nev' mind," he said sympathetically. Les go have a wake " Then suddenly he sat up with a start and oked frightened. The Infant checked his obs and glanced, apprehensively, over his

oulder "Whash matter, of man?" he asked Billings dropped his head into his hands

nd grouned "Shupper," he moaned tragically. Whash'l The Infant's muddled brain grasped the "She'll be mad," he said sadly, "Z'bad break of fellow." "Z'awiul," agreed the host, "Wash'l I

stance, of whom I have often told you, redo?" Mush't propishate her," declared the sol-emn Infant looking old for his years. "How'd you generally propishate your wife?" The husband shook his head hopelessly. "D'know. Never nesheary before," The Infant eyed his friend more in sorrow

han in anger.

"O! man, you're drunk. Z' too bad, but runk, Try to remember. How d you proishate her?"

pishate her?"
Billings face brightened slightly.
"She'sh fond v'animals," he said "Z'awful
fond v'animals."
The Infant rose unsteadily.
"We'll buy animals. Come long."
They locked arms and started toward
Fourth avenue, singing as they went.
"Parrot's dead I'll get another. Sh' ves partots, said Billings. They knocked on the door of a bird shop until the proprietor came down in pajamas and a bad temper. When he found that his

nocturnal callers meant business he dropped the temper

"Bliged to propishate m' wife," explained the husband gravely.

The dealer looked sympathetic.

"I'm a married man myself," he said with the air of a Freemason giving the grip,

"Got a parrot?" asked Billings.

The mat had a parrot that could swear in three languages. He asked \$30 for the bird and with tears of appreciation in his eyes. Billings yowed it was worth the price. He counted out \$30 from a wad that he found in his wais-tout packet.

"Do need cage. We've got 'n'elegant cage," he explained. "I'll take it inish way."

He tucked the unlucky and protesting bird under his arm and held it firmly.

"Wha'll I buy?" asked the Infant.

"Z awful fond vanimals, repeated his friend, choking Spanish onths out of the pairot.

"How would a monkey do?" suggested.

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"How would a monkey do?" suggested

She evidently had made her simple arrangements in advance, for, obtaining a key from the woman in charge, she went up the stairs to a room sparsely furnished, but whose unusual cleanliness bespoke the extress

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